

Warm-up: Revise and Edit

Directions: Revise and edit the following selection using proofreader's marks. Be sure to give recommendations and correct errors.

Why? Why is it here? It watches me wherever I go. It stares at me while I sleep. It haunts my dreams. You're crazy, they say when I try to explain what it is. But I assure you...I'm not crazy. They just don't understand.

The first night after my dad's funeral, I felt something staring at me. The hairs on the back of my neck rose. But when I turned around...

Nothing.

At first, I thought it was just my dad watching over me. But my dad wouldn't scare me like this. He wouldn't watch me while I sleep or follow me around during school. He wouldn't do that.

"Mom, do you believe in ghosts?" I questioned one day after school.

"No Stephanie, ghosts don't exist!"

For once, I hoped she was right.

After that day, I didn't feel the eyes anymore. Life was good. I still missed Dad but at least that morbid ghost wasn't here anymore.

"Mom? Where are you?!" I screamed down the hallways.

Where is she? I thought to myself. I decided not to worry about it and put in my earbuds and listen to One Direction.

KLUNCKKK I headed to my mom's room to see what all the ruckus was about.

"What's going-"

I stopped in the middle of my sentence when I saw my mom covered in blood on the floor.

"I'm still here Stephanie," I heard a shrill voice say behind me.

Now I live all alone with...her. I still don't know what she is but she stays here...watching. I've tried to tell people but *ghosts don't exist*. But I assure you...I'm not crazy.